

Sara

Reincarnation story

The monk came out his rock cloister and went to the little chapel. His route was passing through old Jewish cemetery, weed-grown with blackthorns. Sometimes he was stopping to look at one and the same gravestone, which impressed him.

The time made crack diagonally its surface and Jewish letters were erased in some places. Only in upper right angle it could be read the year ...735- the seven was exactly on the place of crack. In down right angle was name with Latin letters- SARA MELHIOR.

The hermit couldn't understand why this gravestone was so interesting for him. Just clear human curiosity was not sufficient to attract him like magnet.

In this summer afternoon he decided to pick blue corn-flowers and to put them on the tomb of rested in bliss died women. He put the flowers on gravestone and began to pray for peace of her soul.

Suddenly he felt strange dizzy. He saw white stone image of beautiful girl, passing through the gravestone. The monk couldn't move in stress....

....He saw himself with wooden pails of water in his hands. They were heavy like mill stones. He was dressed with Jewish cloths.

Exactly the same maiden, with black feathery hair with two long plaits came to him and said.

- My name is Sara. Sara Melhior. Let me help you.

She took one pail and they went to the mill.

The swain was ashamed, because it was not usually maidens to help. His face was red and hot from inconvenience and shame.

- My name is Yon- he said, when they arrive the mill and he shake hands with her clumsily.-

Thank you, good maiden!

Sara smiled and climbed the ladder for second floor, where the miller stays.

- Father, we have guests!- She shouted- You must return home.

The heart of the poor farm-hand gripped. This daughter of the miller was not for him. But it was written to happen something different...

In the next days they were meeting near the mill, getting to know and falling in love each other. When they kissed first, their souls flied like doves above the blossoming trees. They walk happily in the forest, thinking they are in heaven.

But refuse of Sara parents to get married was terrible landing for young couple. One early morning they run away. There was another mill on tree day's way near the river and Yon became farm-hand again. They find abandoned hovel and stayed there.

Like real hostess Sara tried to make some comfort in this poverty situation. He met with smile her beloved one, toil-worn from heavy work all the day. They hadn't money neither for chicken nor for goat. The penurious food and leaking roof made Sara ill. One day Yon found her fallen into their little garden. He carried her on pallet and covered her with his coat. The maiden was shivering and delirious. When he touched her forehead, he draw back like get burned. She had black fever....

The farm-hand man had to work to earn food for his ill wife. So she stayed alone all the day without help of anybody. He made her soup with his disobedient, shivering from tiredness hands. He tried to take her spoon by spoon, but she couldn't swallow.

In consecutive anxious night the husband put consecutive not-eaten bowl of soup and wiped the tear in his left eye. He bowed to kiss the forehead of Sara, but when he touched it with lips; he felt how cold it is.

Yon sit on their only one tripod stool near his died wife and looked at her all the night under the flame of their last candle. He was so tired, that he hadn't strength to cry...

On the next day arrived father of Sara. Years strew with flour his hair. He came in the hovel and stayed silently near the pallet. Yon neither stops him, nor says something. The father touched the feathery plaits of Sara, not believing the truth and jerks back his hands like stung.

- Forgive me!- He said with hoarse voice, turning to Yon.
- Not-me! Her you had to ask forgiveness! But she didn't live to see it! - With bitter sorrow said the young man.

- And you...- Why you didn't save her? Why didn't save my only one child?!- The miller grabbed Yon and concusses him angrily.

Suddenly the hand-man hangs his head and no anger, but repentance was on his face.

- I couldn't save her, master! Believe me, I did everything I could....

It was amazing on the face of the old miller and he embraced Yon...

They bury Sara on sunrise. They put gravestone with her names, written on Jadish and Latin, so every traveler could read them...

Later Yon get married one very shrew and rich widow. He didn't understand why she takes him- for pity or for his goodness. But he never felt such love like he had to Sara. Every Sabbath Yon went to her tomb and cried with sorrow until his death...

... Awaken from this vision, the monk understand the terrible truth. He was Sara husband, reborn again to ask forgiveness. The gravestone was broken from his sorrow...

....The duck feather slipped through the rows of old yellow parchment. "Forgive me, Sara!"- wrote the hermit the last words of his life story. He imagined the words whispering with the voice of this magic maiden.

He went out the cave and looked at the cloudy sky. The sunbeams were passing through the clouds like fan of strange omen.

It seemed to him, that God was looking straight into his soul- wise, good and giving forgiveness...

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